

HANNIBAL DAILY JOURNAL

THURSDAY, APRIL 15, 1883.
O. CLEMENS, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

We are authorized to announce CHARLES D. MOURNE, as a candidate for the office of CLERK OF THE HANNIBAL COURT OF COMMON PLEAS, at the next August election.

Frankford Extension.

We are astonished at the apathy of our Pike county friends around Frankford, on the—to them particularly—very important question of a plank road connection between Frankford and Hannibal. Perhaps they have failed to observe the fact that the old dirt road between Hannibal and New London is almost abandoned, farmers preferring to travel on the plank road and pay toll. A gentleman who came on the old road yesterday, says he saw nobody, or any sign of horses or wagons on the road, except two wagons which he overtook—one of these belonging to an inveterate enemy of the Plank Road. As there was a rain on Tuesday night, any evidences of travel could have been easily detected.

One of the merchants of Frankford, who is doing a large business, is a warm advocate of the plank road. He buys a great deal of produce, and would buy more, if he had a good road to send it on to Hannibal.

Another merchant objects to the improvement on two grounds. He says the toll would be costly to him, and he is afraid the farmers would go to Hannibal. If he wants bad roads to keep the farmers at home, and force them to buy of him and sell to him at his own prices, he might go a little farther, and come out strong for a high stone wall to fence them in! He is afraid of tolls, is he? Yet he knows that sometimes on the dirt road two horses can haul over fifteen hundred pounds. On a plank road they can always haul from four to five thousand pounds—three loads on a plank road as easily as one on a dirt road. This he may not know, but it is true. The toll on eighteen miles of plank road to Frankford, going and coming, at two cents and a half a mile, would be ninety cents, and the trip both ways could be made in one day. The wagoner will charge for the services and time of himself and team, two dollars and a half a day. On the dirt road the trip both ways could not be made in less than two days.

Now suppose the Frankford merchant had at Hannibal goods enough for a full load for a two horse team on a plank road. It is three loads for a dirt road, but only one for a plank road. The goods are taken to him in one day, at a cost of \$2.50 for hire and 90 cents for toll. If there were only a dirt road, (even if it were in its worst condition, he must have his goods;) he would have to hire three teams two days, at an expense of five dollars each. Besides enduring the delay, he must foot a bill for fifteen dollars instead of three dollars and forty cents, counting tolls and all other expenses of transporting the same goods on a plank road!

We present to the Frankford mercantile objector, one of two horns of a dilemma:—Either he knows nothing about plank roads, or the tolls do not constitute an objection, and he opposes the improvement with the hope of forcing farmers to deal with him, because they can get to no other market, instead of entering into fair competition with the Hannibal merchants, and by his low prices in selling and high prices in buying, making it no object for them to come here to deal.

The editor of the Bloomington Republican has gone to sleep, or got disgusted with himself, or banged off all his ammunition—at any rate, his last paper has nothing about the location; but the Bloomington Journal, we are sorry to see, has broken loose, and is tearing round violently.

A correspondent of the Bloomington Republican says:

I ask any man who knows anything of the working value and profits of Railroads, if a straight road is not far more valuable to the Stockholders than a crooked Road?

And your answer would be "not always," for what railroad men call the shortest road is that which is the shortest in running time.

For instance, suppose two roads—one eight miles longer than the other; but on the former the average rate of speed is thirty miles an hour, and on the latter, on account of the location, only twenty miles an hour. It is evident that the road of greater length will thus be the shortest in running time.

THE "BOQUET."

A very pleasant, as well as useful custom in two of our schools. Once in every two weeks a small manuscript pamphlet is publicly read. This pamphlet is made up of contributions from the scholars. If the three lovely editresses of the periodical published at Miss McDonald's school will give their consent, we should like to print some extracts from that, as well as from the "Boquet," which we have obtained the use of through the kindness of Misses Smith and Patrick. We will extract the first local article, because our readers will be best pleased with writings bearing such unmistakable evidences of originality. We shall publish more from the "Boquet," to-morrow and afterwards:

A SNOW-STORM, AND NO MISTAKE.

Our friend Snow-drop told us in our last Boquet, of the storm of snow, and I will tell you of a snow-storm old blustering March favored us with on the 8th inst. I was in the land of forgetfulness, and in imagination culling pretty flowers, when I was aroused suddenly by what I conceived to be a visitation of spirit-rappings on the head board of my bed. I mustered all the courage I could, and asked the accustomed question: "Are there any spirits present?—Please rap." Astonishing to relate, a succession of raps responded, but on the window, instead of the head-board—which, to my chagrin, proved to be the pattering of hail, announcing the coming of a snow-storm. So I composed myself to sleep, thinking it just about as near spirit raps as any have; and soon I was once more in the "land of Nod." My visions took a different turn. I thought I had started to school, when great balls of ice formed on my shoes; I could not keep my equilibrium, and down I came with a terrible crash; and sure enough, in my efforts to balance myself on my balls of ice, I had tumbled out of my berth! It was enough to call me back from the land of dreams—don't you think so? Soon as I recovered myself sufficiently, I looked from my window, and you may depend the snow-flakes were flying through the air at a great rate. So, thought I my dream may yet be verified.

So, Miss Smith, I think "Snow-Drop's" "stormy March," instead of blowing away all traces of the storming of "Snow," has blown snow enough here to prevent her from taking a peep at the sun for some time to come.

VIOLA.

In a Fix.—A friend informs us that a young man, a night or two since, while walking out on Market street, lost his equilibrium, and fell over the bank head foremost, into a pile of mud, and at the same time emptying the contents of his pockets. After procuring a lantern, the aforesaid young man proceeded to the spot to gather up the remnants, which our informant says consisted of half a dozen Daily Journals, one knife, and some types. Can the editor of the Daily Journal inform us whether it was the "Black" that caused that young man to fall or not?—[Tri-Weekly Messenger.]

We should like to know how a young man of the Assistant Editor's (y)ears managed to obtain and retain so many ideas at once? But as we don't find any bright ones in the lot, and being willing by a miraculous stretch of imagination to suppose that he had them and lost them, we suggest that he take the following advertisement from the "Boquet," and alter it to suit his case:

Lost!

10,000 THANKS REWARD!

MONDAY MORNING, passing through the school-room in great haste, I had the mis-

fortune to lose a very bright idea. Any one finding the article will please leave it with Miss Smith or Miss Patrick, at whose hands I can receive it.

From a feeling of disinterested sympathy, we volunteer our services to assist in writing out the advertisement:

Lost!

10,000 MESSENGERS REWARD!!

LAST WEDNESDAY EVENING, passing along Bear Creek Causey, or over the Bridge, in great haste, I had the misfortune to lose a very bright idea. Any one finding the article will please leave it with Miss —, in whose estimation it will doubtless immediately raise me. As it is the only piece of property of the kind the advertiser ever had, if not found in a week, the reward will be doubled!

A. E. T-W. M.

The Palmyra Whig publishes the following, but recommends that the road be built to Palmyra:

EDITOR OF THE WHIG:

DEAR SIR—At a County Court held for the county of Shelby, on the 5th day of April, 1883, among others the following order was made, to wit:

It is ordered by the Court, that Jas. B. Marmaduke, John McAfee, John F. Benjamin, Robert A. Moffit, and Thos. Dines, be, and they are hereby appointed a committee, whose duty it shall be to correspond with any committees that are or may be appointed by the Town of Palmyra, the City of Quincy, or any Town or county, for the purpose of devising ways and means for the survey, location and completion of a Plank Road from the Town of Shelbyville, in the County of Shelby, Missouri, to some point on the Mississippi river, nor of the City of Hannibal.

A copy of the order,

WM. J. HOLLIDAY, Clerk.

Quincy papers will please copy.

NOTICE.

We are requested to say, there will be a meeting of the citizens of Macon county in Bloomington, on the third Monday in April, when a suitable time will be proposed to meet in mass convention, the delegations of Quincy, Palmyra, Shelbyville, Bloomington, and Lincoln, to settle the propriety, and put in operation, as early a day as possible, the construction of a plank road from Quincy, out west.—[Bloomington Journal, 9th.]

WHAT LOVE WILL ACCOMPLISH.

"This will never do," said little Mrs. Kitty, "how I came to be such a simperton as to get married before I knew how to keep house, is more and more of an astonishment to me. I can learn and I will! There's Bridget told me yesterday there wasn't time to be adding before dinner. I had my private reasons she was imposing upon me, though I didn't know enough about it to contradict her. The truth is, I'm no more mistress of this house than the dog of the Grand Seraglio. Bridget knows me, and there's Harry (how hot it makes me to think of it!) couldn't find an eatable morsel on the dinner-table yesterday. He loves me well to say any thing, but he had such an ugly frown on his face when he lit his cigar and went off to his office. Oh, I see how it is.

"One must eat in matrimony, And love is neither bread nor honey, And so, you understand."

"What on earth sent you over here in this dismal rain?" said Kitty's neighbor, Mrs. Green. "Just look at your gaiters."

"Oh, never mind gaiters," said Kitty, natty-ing her triquet, and throwing herself on the sofa. "I don't know any more about cooking than a six weeks' kitten. I get walks over my head with the most select Irish nonchalance; Harry looks at me as an ordained bishop; the days grow short, the bills grow long, and I'm the most miserable little Kitty that ever moved. Do have pity on me, and initiate me into the mysteries of broiling, baking and roasting; take me into your kitchen now, and let me go into it while the fit is on me. I feel as though I could roast Chanticleer and all his hen-harems."

"You don't expect to take your degree in ferrency?" said Mrs. Green, laughing immoderately.

"Not a bit of it! I intend to come every morning, if the earth don't whirl off its axle. I've locked up my guitar and my French and Italian books, and that irresistible 'Festus,' and here I am like a female martyr, to look a gridiron in the face without flinching. Come, put down that embroidery, there's a good Samaritan, and descend with me into the lower regions, before my enthusiasm gets a shower-bath," and she rolled up her sleeves from her round white arms, took off her rings, and tucked her curls behind her ears.

Very patiently did Mrs. Kitty keep her resolution; each day added a little to her store of culinary wisdom. What if she did flavor her first custards with peppermint instead of lemon?

What if she did 'baste' a turkey with saleratus instead of salt? What if she did season the stuffing with ground cinnamon instead of pepper? Rome wasn't built in a day—cooks can't be manufactured in a minute.

Kitty's husband had been gone just a month. He was expected home that very day. All the morning the little wife had been getting up a congratulatory dinner, in honor of the occasion. What with satisfaction and the kitchen fire, her cheeks glowed like a milkmaid's. How her eyes sparkled, and what a pretty little triumphant loss she gave her head, when that big trunk was dumped down in the entry! It isn't a bad thing, sometimes, to have a secret even from one's own husband.

"On my word, Kitty," said Harry, holding her off at arm's length, "you look most provokingly well-to-do for a widow 'pro tem.' I don't believe you have mourned for me, the breath of a sigh. What have you been about? who has been here? and what mine of fun is to be prophesied from that merry twinkle in the corner of your eye? Any body hid in the closet or cupboard? Have you drawn a prize in the lottery?"

"Not since I married you," said Mrs. Kitty, "and you are quite welcome to that sugar-plum to sweeten your dinner."

"How Bridget has improved," said Harry, as he plied his knife and fork industriously; "I never saw these woodcocks outdone, even at our bachelor club rooms at—House. She shall have a present of a pewter cross, as sure as her name is McFlanigan, besides absolution for all the detestable messes she used to concoct with her Catholic fingers."

"Let me out! let me out!" said a stifled voice from the closet; "you can't expect a woman to keep a secret for ever."

"What on earth do you mean, Mrs. Green?" said Harry, Harry gaily shaking her hand.

"Why, you see 'Bridget has improved,' I mean to say, little Mrs. Kitty there, received from my hands yesterday a diploma, certifying her Mistress of Arts, Hearts and Drumsticks, having spent every morning of your absence in perfecting herself as a housekeeper. There now, don't drop on your knees to her till I have gone. I know very well when there is a crowd, or to speak more fashionably, when I am 'de trop,' and I'm only going to stop long enough to remind you that there are some wretches left in the world, and that Kitty is one of 'em."

And now, dear reader, if you doubt whether Mrs. Kitty was rewarded for all her troubles, you'd better take a peep into that parlor, and while you are looking, let me whisper a secret in your ear confidentially. You may be as beautiful as Venus, and as talented as Madame Stael, but you never'll reign supreme in your liege lord's affections, till you can roast a triquet. —[Olive Branch.]

FANNY FEEL.

CALIFORNIAN SHOT.—The following paragraph we clip from the Sacramento State Journal, of February 28th. The unfortunate young man was, we believe the son of Mr. Thomas W. Glasscock, of Shelby county, Mo.

A young man named Daniel J. Glasscock, aged 22, formerly from Hannibal, Mo., was shot and instantly killed, on Sunday night last, about a mile and a half from Buena Vista Ranch, by another named Marvin Hanson, from Wisconsin. Hanson immediately gave himself up for trial, and was brought to this city on Monday last.

Suicide.

Within the past few days a German named Jacob Hennecke, residing on Main street, near Plum, had manifested up to Monday evening, evidences of a derangement of his mind. On Monday evening he accused the members of his family with being engaged in a concerted scheme to cause his death. Thinking to quiet him, after considerable effort, they got him in the bed, and when they supposed him to be asleep, left his room. He soon after left the apartment and went to the room in which his mother was sleeping, seized a loaded pistol and fired the contents into his mouth. The top of his head was entirely blown off.

The Coroner held an inquest on the body and the jury rendered a verdict of suicide by shooting himself with a pistol, whilst laboring under an attack of mania-a-potu.—[St. Louis Intel., 13th.]

Liquor Money.

In New York there are 6,575 places where liquor is sold and drunk. These poison-shops are open at least fourteen hours a day. Suppose now the average receipts are 50 cents an hour, and the amount expended in New York in one day, will sum up to \$46,0251 or \$17,799,125 per annum! There are about 200 places in Cleveland where liquor is sold. These open twelve hours a day, averaging 30 cents receipts an hour, give the daily expense of dram-guzzling at \$720 per day, \$262,800 per year!

A Savings Bank is about to be established in Honolulu, Sandwich Islands. Fifty years ago the inhabitants used to eat each other.